

The Brandon Mail.

VOL. 5.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1888.

No. 40.

FINE CLOTHING! FINE

We are showing a Great and Beautiful Range of Suits in Sac and 4-button Cutaway :

25 SUITS

Dark Fine English Whip Cord, -	\$18	Dark Grey (one of our best) -	\$16
Grey Check, best Canadian -	15	Fancy, large Check -	14
Dark Tweed, bound -	\$12 50.		

50 SUITS

Dark Grey and Brown (^{double and twisted} wear for years) -	\$10 00	All wool, assorted patterns -	\$7 to \$9
Odd sizes and patterns, all wool from -	5 00 up -	Black worsted (^{plain and fancy} binding and without)	\$12 to \$22 50

Boys' Suits, all sizes and styles, in Brown and Black Worsted, all wool. Tweeds and Corduroy. Overcoats, best lines in Satin lining, equal to best men's made garments, also with Fur Collars. Ulsters with and without shoulder capes. Overcoats, very handsome styles and made of the newest patterns and best wearing materials.

PEA JACKETS for Men and Boys, nobby and natty styles.

PANTS:—A great range, cheap goods for every day wear, or fine fabrics well cut and stylish designs for the professional or business man.

We carry the Largest Stock of Clothes in the Province. We have the most Stylish Goods. We can fit any Man or Boy, unless he is deformed. Our immense stock we have a variety of garments such as the long and short Sac, the full and narrow chested, the long and short arm, etc. We also employ a Tailor and make alterations free of charge, thus enabling us to fit any figure, either fat or lean. We're going to make a statement here but we're prepared to prove it:—that we can for \$15 give you as good a fit in a suit made of as good material as a Merchant Tailor will charge you \$30 for. Try us, it won't cost you anything to look through our Stock, and if you want anything in the Clothing line we are sure to suit you.

Yours, on Rock Bottom Prices and Good Fits,

PAISLEY, MILLER & CARSCADEN.

LEGAL.

HENDERSON & HENDERSON,
Lawyers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.,
Lower Avenue, Brandon.
We have an improved farm property,
H. E. Henderson.

MEDICAL.

DR. SPENCER,
100 St. Paul Street, Montreal.
Member of the College of Physicians and
Surgeons of Quebec and Manitoba.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
Nursery, Next the School House,
Brandon.

DR. MORE,
McLennan Building & ACCOUCHÉ,
McLennan Building, University, Toronto, M.C.P.
and Ontario and Manitoba.
Wardrobe, Compton & Stewart's Block,
the Old and Rosser Brandon.

DENTAL.
Dr. McLEOD, D.D.S.
Member of Philadelphia Dental College.
Dr. F. L. DOERING, DENTIST,
100 St. Paul Street and Rosser Avenue.
Safe Painless Extraction of Teeth.
Office always open.

GO TO CHUBB'S

Occidental Restaurant!

HEADQUARTERS

OYSTERS.

We are the sole agents of this district for Gao. F. Phelps' celebrated Baltimore Oyster, and can do justice in Quality and Price. Wholesale and Retail.

PIPES.

Our line of Pipes is now complete and we will be found to have the largest stock west of Winnipeg, 20 per cent. lower than the usual prices asked in the city.

TOBACCOES.

In Tobaccos we have all the leading brands in Chewing and Smoking, Cut and Plug. 20 per cent. discount on all purchases of one dollar and over.

CIGARS.

We have the largest and best stock of Domestic and Imported Cigars in the City, and in which we will be undersold.

Confidential, Candies, Fruit, Meals and Orders. Served in the best style. Everything Fresh.

P.S.—To THE LADIES—We have the only Ladies' Oyster Parlor in the City with a private entrance from the front street.

GIVE US A CALL.

MRS. E. CHUBB,
Occidental Restaurant,
10th Street, South Fraser's.



Tenders for a Permit to Cut Timber on Dominion Lands in the Province of Manitoba.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Acting Deputy Minister of the Interior, and marked "Tender for a Permit to Cut Timber" to be received at the Departmental Office, on Monday the 20th day of November, next, for a permit to cut timber on Section 26, Township 1, Range 21, west of the First meridian. The conditions of tender, such a permit being issued, may be obtained at the Departmental Office or at the Crown Timber Office at Winnipeg.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque, payable to the order of the Acting Deputy Minister of the Interior, for the amount of the bonds which the applicant is prepared to pay for the permit.

JOHN R. HALL,
Acting Deputy Minister of the Interior,
Department of the Interior, Ottawa, 17th October, 1888.



MAIL CONTRACTS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General to be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, 22nd November next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails on proposed contracts for four years, over each of the following routes, from the first of January next:—

Annan and Railway Station—Three times per week; computed distance, five eighty-eights of a mile.

Brandon and Pendenis—Once per week; computed distance, 20 miles.

Brandon and Rapid City—Six times per week; computed distance, 29 miles.

Brandon and Mosquere Creek—Once per week; computed distance, 32 miles.

Erinville and Spruce Hill—Once per week; computed distance, 25 miles.

Ferns and Wapella—Once per week; computed distance, 16 miles.

Fort McLeod and New Orléans—Once per week; computed distance, 29 miles.

Grindell Station and Vola Dale—Once per week; computed distance, 42 miles.

Kinistino and Buckahn—Forthnightly; computed distance, 35 miles.

Martinsburg and Moose Jaw—Once per week; computed distance, 25 miles.

Prince Albert and Puckahn—Once per week; computed distance, 25 miles.

Turtle Mountain and Whitewater Railway Station—Three times a week; computed distance, 25 miles.

Printed notice contains further information as to conditions of proposed contracts, may be obtained at the Postmaster General's Office, or at the terms of the respective routes and at this office.

W. W. McLEOD,
Post Office Inspector.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Carberry Agricultural Society.

Below will be found the completion of prize winners at the Carberry Exhibition, which arrived for our last issue.

HORTICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

Collection of preserves; J Gorrell, G Hope, Pickles; G Yule, G Hope.

Home-made wine; J Gorrell, R Thompson.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Coverlet; S Hillen.

Patch quilt; M Wood, Mrs G Cable.

Lod cabin quilt; Miss Nash.

Pieced quilt; Mrs G Cable, M Wood.

Wool stocking; Miss Nash.

Wool mitts; Miss Nash, S Hillen.

Dog rug; M Wood, J Hummerston.

Wooden rag rug; F Zavitz, S Hillen.

Home-made bread; Mrs H W White, Mrs H Gorrell.

Plum buns; Mrs J Gorrell, H W White.

Wedding cake; Wm Fitzsimmons, J Barron.

Home-made soap; G Hope.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Fifty pounds butter; Mrs J Houley, M Wood.

Twenty-five pounds butter; W Fitzsimmons, M Wood.

Five pounds butter; W. Fitzsimmons, M Wood.

Home-made cheese; Mrs J Barron, Geo Hope.

LADIES' WORK.

Braiding with cotton; Miss Nash, Mrs G Cable.

Crochet work; Mrs C Rasmussen.

Embroidery on muslin; Miss Nash.

Embroidery on cotton; Miss Nash.

Embroidery on silk; Mrs Wigand, Miss Nash.

Fancy knitting; Miss Nash, Miss Hillen.

Berlin wool work, flat; Miss Hillen.

Berlin wool work, raised; Miss Nash, Miss Hillen.

Gents' shirt, hand made; Mrs G Cable, A F Hutchinson.

Gents' shirt, machine made; Miss Nash, Mrs A F Hutchinson.

Hair flowers; Mrs G Cable.

Pillow sham; Miss Nash, Mrs W. Fitzsimmons.

Lamp mat; Miss Nash.

Linen lace work; Mrs G Cable.

Cotton tidy; Mrs H Zavitz, Mrs C Rosemon.

Woolen tidy; Miss Nash.

Worked slippers; Miss Nash.

Worked chairing; Miss Nash.

Satin ladies underwear; Miss Wood, Mrs Wigand.

Moccasin work; Miss Nash.

Chenille; Miss Nash.

Bead work; Miss Nash.

Specimen of quilting; Miss Nash.

Edging with silk; Miss Nash.

Paper work; Miss Nash.
Clay work; Miss Armstrong, Miss Huckle.

FINE ART.

Water color painting; Miss Nash, F Huckle.

Oil painting; Miss Nash, Mrs G Wrig.

Pencil drawing; Miss Hillen.

Pen and ink drawing; Le O Crewe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Home cured ham; F Yule, G Hope.

Floral design; F W White.

Flowers in pot; Dr Shaw.

Collection flowers; Dr Shaw.

A Quarter of A Century.

For more than twenty-five years has Hagard's Yellow Oil been sold by druggists, and it has never yet failed to give satisfaction, as a household remedy for pain, lameness and soreness of flesh, for external and internal use in all painful complaints.

STRATHERNE.

The rain has once put a stop to stacking in this section, and if it does not clear up soon, fears are entertained that the wheat will commence to grow in the shock yet in some parts.

Messrs. Martin Bros. are rushing the threshing this year, doing from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels per day, while "Cooney," their aquarian, attends to the water in great shape.

The smiling countenance of Cris Cook is once more to be seen on the road occasionally. He came up from McGregor last week to market his grain here.

E. H. Morrison is busy concreting and plastering his house, which should make very warm for the ensuing winter.

Will J. Morrison went to Brandon on Wednesday to take charge of the C. P. R. telegraph office there for a couple of weeks.

The above was too late for our last issue.—ED. MAIL.

A Rare Combination.

There is no other remedy or combination of medicines that meets so many requirements, as does Burdock Blood Bitters in its wide range of power over such Chronic diseases as Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaint, Scrofula and all humors of the blood.

MARKETS.

Farm produce is not coming very fast, only about 3,000 bushels of wheat a day being marketed at from 75 to \$105. Oats and barley are also coming slowly and command for the former 25 cts. and for the latter from 45 to 50. Eggs bring 20, butter 25, beef 25 to 30, mutton 20, pork alive 5 to \$5.75. Butter \$4.50 lamb \$500, hides \$2.50 and chicken to 10 cts. dressed. Hay is about \$700, wood about \$600, and hard coal is at a minimum from \$1 to 13 between Mr. Lardeau and Mr. Maywood.

THE BRANDON MAIL.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

How Raymond Rescued a Colored Boy from a Watery Grave.

A good story, illustrative of the presence of mind of the late John T. Raymond, is told by an old actor. Raymond's company was making a one night stop in a little Georgia town. The play was one in which the ocean played a prominent part. The only ocean owned by the managers of the theatre was very old and weak. It had seen much duty and was in a very crippled condition.

To illustrate the rolling of the waves, a number of street gamins were hired to go underneath a big blue cloth and bob up and down.

The play was in its most interesting part. Raymond was getting off some of his best gags. He was the only actor on the stage, and the audience was uprisings, when an accident occurred that came near wrecking the play.

Among the "waves" was a little negro. The space was very narrow under the ocean, and the children got quite warm. This particular little negro fell the heat. He removed one of his garments until his red shirt was seen, clinging to him with the waves.

"I'll rescue him," said Raymond. Some of the stage hands, dressed as sailors, rushed out and threw the little negro a rope. The boy, however, was too frightened to hold on and the sea dashed him down. When the audience heard this, thinking that he had been drowned, they burst into a roar.

The boy, however, was the hero of the town ever afterward.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Stonehaw Jackson's Jokes.

How men ever in so profound and invincible sermons than those of Rev. Mr. Jackson. Prior to the war he was professor of natural and experimental philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute, and while in that position he made what is believed to have been his first joke.

One morning he called up a member of the graduating class, and with the utmost gravity proposed the following scientific question:

"Why is it impossible to send a telegraphic despatch from Lexington to Shamburgh?"

The student reflected for a few moments, and then replied that the explanation of this phenomenon depended lay in the fact that the amount of iron ore in the mountain drew the magnetic current from the wire.

A covert smile passed over Jackson's features, died away, and he said: "No, sir, you can take your seat."

Another was called up, but he too failed to explain the mystery. A third, and then a fourth were equally unsuccessful. Jackson listening to their theories with profound attention, but with the same smile which had greeted the first attempt.

This smile probably attracted the attention of the new student who was called. His countenance lighted up, his lip broke into a smile in return, and he said:

"Well, Mr. Jackson, I reckon it must be because there is no telegraph between the two places."

"You are right, sir," replied Jackson, who had suddenly resumed his composed expression. "You can take your seat."

Then he called the class to order, and calmly proceeded with the recitation as if nothing had happened.—*Youth's Companion.*

Artistic Exaggeration.

Col. Wade, representative from a Missouri district, has made for himself quite a reputation for artistic exaggeration—and it takes an artist in this line to attract attention at the national capital. Col. Wade wears a military coat buttoned close to his chin, giving him much the appearance of a preacher. His delivery is very impressive, and, with the unsuspicious, convincing. The colonel would not hesitate to claim that, in a historic game of draw poker played for coffee beans out at his farm, he drew three cards to a pair of queens and filled out a royal sequence, and no one but an expert would doubt what the colonel said, and even the expert would not question his severity.

Recently Col. Wade took a trip down the river and spent a few days in quiet Maryland. When he returned he found a constituent from his native part of his district waiting to see him. The colonel was all alibi.

He told the Missourian to the house and in the course of a half an hour the proceedings exorded him to the restaurant. A member who sat next Col. Wade's card-table reported the circumstances of his trip. "Out in Missouri," he was asked, "you got no idea of what the world is? You see some of the wonders of nature. Theseast, sir, is something grand. You have heard of the big trees of California? They are making—nothing at all, sir—to what I saw the day before yesterday. What you think of an oak tree 200 paces in diameter? I paced off my 50. I could not trust any one else. And fishing in the bay? Why, I saw one man pull out 3000 fish in a day. Fact, sir. They never eat fish there. They use them for fertilizers." And the open mouthed Missourian sat with his eyes bulging from his head, without a sign of doubt or suspicion on his face.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Ruling Passion.

The comedian Ellison used to tell a story that humorously illustrates the ruling passion strong in death.

Macready was at one time alarmingly ill—so ill that the most serious consequences were feared and the most depressing steps taken, as the administration of the serum, etc. This caused the strain and was admitted to a number of the presumably dying tragedians who feebly expressed a belief in his approaching death. Ellison, deeply moved by his friend's prostration, offered to do any service in his power, strongly enjoined the family to keep the sufferer quiet and glued on tiptoe out of the room. He had not reached the bottom of the staircase when an audible whisper received him: "Mr. Ellison, step up for a moment. Mr. Macready wishes to speak to you."

He went up softly and approached the bed of the dying man, supposing that some post-mortem visitation was to be expected of him.

Ellison addressed him with soothing sympathy. Macready gave a slight indication of temporary relief, and in broken accents said:

"Elliston, do you think that 'Rob Roy' reduced to two acts, would be a good after-piece for my benefit?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Great Beauty.

The president of the British association cited this imaginary toast at the recent meeting: "Here's to the latest scientific discovery. May it never do any good to anybody." This is only a new version of an old story told about the late Professor Henry Smith, of Oxford. He was experimenting one day to his pupils on the beauties of a mathematical discovery; "but the great beauty of it is, gentlemen," he added with humorous enthusiasm, "that it cannot possibly be of any use to anybody."—*New York Tribune.*

Something or a Star, but Not for Forty Cents.

A number of members from the house of representatives have strolled away at various times and for short periods from their congressional duties. Most of them have enjoyed themselves, but none to a greater extent than did Wade, of Missouri; Lind, of Minnesota, and Sawyer, of New York. They invaded the states of Maryland and studied the unscrupulous natives until they got tired. The last place at which they made any stay was Leavenworth. From there they intended coming to the capital by boat, but that semi-occasional craft having departed, they were compelled to travel by rail.

The train was started with a pinchot and proceeded at a very deliberate gait. Occasionally the conductor would get off and gather a few passengers with which he would treat the passengers. After the train had been crawling along for an hour and half covered at least six miles, the conductor collected the fare, which, for the congressmen, cost, amounted to \$10 cents each. When he reached Col. Wade, that good "bulldog" remarked, in his innocent ways:

"Do you charge preachers full fare on this road?"

"No, sir," was the conductor's reply. "We only charge them half rates. Are you a preacher?" he added, looking squarely in the eye. "Methodist, I suppose?"

"No, I am not," said the Missourian, "but that gentleman is not pointing to Judge Sawyer, who set a couple of cents in front of him. The conductor, who does not know the judge, and after a searching glance at the man, this conductor of the New York statesman, professed him 40 cents, with the remark: "We only collect half rates from preachers."

"When in blank said I was a preacher?" asked the judge, with considerable show of anger.

The conductor threw his thumb back over his shoulder in the direction of Col. Wade, and seemed as though he thought all the time that the second was gabbling the facts in the first.

In the meantime the three climes, the nickel and five pennies regally calmed in the judge's fat palm. He regarded them in silence for a moment, and then handed them back to the official, saying: "I am a good deal of a liar, but I will not lie for 40 cents."

Then he relapsed into absolute silence and would not look at Col. Wade until Washington Post was reached.

The Bill Was Passed.

An ex-member of the Virginia state senate told me the other day of an incident in his legislative career which I do not remember ever having seen in print before. A. L. Prudhomme, not many years ago a member of the house of representatives from the Ninth Virginia district, was before he came to Washington a member of the Virginia senate. One day he introduced a bill for the relief of the sufferers of H. G. Wax, who was a collector of taxes in Scott county. He made a brief explanation of the bill, and when he sat down Edgar Allen, familiarly known as "Yankee Allen," who represented the Farmville district, rose and said:

"I wish to ax If Mr. Wax Has been too lax In collecting the tax! If such are the facts I am willing to relax And remit the tax Which the law enacts We should exact Of his sureties."

It is needless to add, my informant says, that the bill passed by a unanimous vote.—*New York Tribune.*

Goodwin Had the Best of It.

Nat Goodwin is pretty sick and can get out of a scrape as clean as any man living.

A gentleman in New York, writing to a friend here, made some comparative allusion to Chicago and the eastern metropolis. In concluding he wrote: "But I know you feeling toward Gotham" and then added: "Hello, Nat, was out Henderson, a friend of mine. Hello, Nat, called out Henderson, 'where have you been so long?' 'Oh up in Boston, Montreal and Philadelphia,' returned Goodwin; 'and, Billy,' he continued, 'I am glad to get back to New York. All other places in the country are just camping out ones.'"

"Hello, Nat, was out Henderson, a friend of mine. Hello, Nat, called out Henderson, 'where have you been so long?' 'Oh up in Boston, Montreal and Philadelphia,' returned Goodwin; 'and, Billy,' he continued, 'I am glad to get back to New York. All other places in the country are just camping out ones.'

One of the latest foreign feminine fashions consists in turning the ends of the sleeves so as to form cuffs and inserting a pair of gold link buttons.

A large oval box of chased silver for holding cigars or tobacco has come in for the holidays.

A gold watch in the form of a heart, with the dial in the center, is a favorite with sentimental friends.

A fancy clock is set in the face of a standard banner, held aloft by a kneeling cupid. The base is of onyx enameled in gilt.

A new clock is of bronze in the shape of an umbrella, with the numbers inlaid in enamel, while the hands revolve from the end of the stick.

Some recent ladies' watches have a nugget finished case with an enamel dial in blue and yellow. The hour figures being in white, the effect is rather striking at first sight.

One of the latest foreign feminine fashions consists in turning the ends of the sleeves so as to form cuffs and inserting a pair of gold link buttons.

Rather a formidable paper weight is designed in the form of a silver breastplate and helmet representing Austrian armor. They rest on a heavy slab of Mexican onyx.

Something new for a lady's watch is a plain, dark finished case surrounded by three coronets of diamonds. The pendant bob is also of plain gold, with diamond flourishes in the center.

Trade dollar lockets have become fashionable for young misses at school. They are now made with miniatures copied from photographs and turned into the initial similar to painting on china.

There is a growing demand for antique watches. Some in the cases of fashionable jewelers are larger than the fancy clocks now made for library tables. They are not worn, however, but are kept as curiosities.

With the approach of cold weather the richest kind of hip flasks have come into fashion. They are made of gold or silver, the latter being decorated with etchings of buffalo hunts, Mexicans lassoing steers and scenes from field pastimes.

A pretty novelty for a lady's secretary is a miniature writing desk of the folding pattern. It is made of gilt on brass and is thoroughly gold with hot water.

Georgia farmers cultivate the Spanish peanut extensively as food for hogs.

Sheep are better scavengers for small, unripe, wormy apples than swine are, it is claimed.

It is claimed that every year sees an increase in the number of farmers who pick corn for seed as soon as it is glazed.

A good top dressing of manure on the little knolls and poor spots of the field after winter grain is sown will have a fine effect.

Wash dairy utensils, pails, pans and vats carefully with cold water, in which is a little salt or soda; then rinse, and thoroughly gold with hot water.

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"Elliston, do you think that 'Rob Roy' reduced to two acts, would be a good after-piece for my benefit?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

LATEST NOVELTIES IN JEWELS—THE WOMEN DENTISTS AT PHILADELPHIA.

A CORRUGATED COLUMN OF SILVER MAKES A UNIQUE COLOGNE BOTTLE.

A PRETTY JEWEL BOX IS THE FORM OF A DOUBLE HEART, QUESA ANNE STYLE.

A PRETTY COMBINATION BOX FOR HOLDING STAMPS AND MATCHES IS OF GOLD.

A NEW PIECE OF POCKET JEWELRY IS A SILVER RULE WITH GOLD Hinges and ends.

A USEFUL ODDITY IS A SPIRIT LAMP SHAPED LIKE A TURTLE.

AN OLD SILVER HORSE IS STAINED IVORY, WITH A SILVER HORSE'S HEAD AND A SILVER HORSE'S TAIL.

EDWARDIAN, WITH A DIAMOND DEW DROP, IS ONE OF THE NOVELTIES THIS FALL.

SOME NEW BRACELETS ARE ADORNED WITH VARIOUS INSECTS SET IN DIAMONDS AND RUBIES.

THE PARADES OF HINDOOS CONTEND WITH THE DOGS, VULTURES AND LAKES FOR PURPLE CARATION.

MANY SETTLERS IN REMOTE LOCALITIES ALONG THE MISSOURI AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS FEAST ON TENDER PUPPIES.

THE CHINESE TRUST IN EATING DRIED BEEF AND DRIED BEEF BONES AS A MEDICINE.

SCOTT'S EMULSION IS ACKNOWLEDGED BY PHYSICIANS TO BE THE FINEST AND BEST PREPARATION OF ITS CLASS FOR THE RELIEF OF

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN AND CHRONIC COUCHS.

BEST BY ALL DOCTORS, 50c.

WHAT WEAR, NERVOUS, DEBILITY, ETC., ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, ETC., WHICH ARE SO COMMONLY MET WITH IN CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE.

SCOTT'S EMULSION IS THE CURE.

THE BRANDON MAIL.

VIEW OF LOCHLEVEN CASTLE

As Was In the Early Days
Story of Queen Mary's Escape.

Romantic Circumstances Made Known by a Frenchman of Position.

Lochleven Castle is imperishably associated with the imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots. Hitherto the romantic circumstances of her escape have only been imperfectly known, but the veil was drawn aside by the recent publication of Nau's Memoir, a document, which has lain for three centuries unread among the Cottonian MSS., in the handwriting of Claud Nau, a man of position, who acted as Queen Mary's private secretary for twelve years of her English captivity, and his information was derived from the Queen and her attendants. Mr. Robert Burns Begg, F.S.A., by the publication of this document, has devoted much time and labor to the compilation of the history of Lochleven Castle, and also to the narration of Queen Mary with the country, and the result he has given to the public in a volume entitled, "History of Lochleven Castle, with Details of the Imprisonment and Escape of Mary, Queen of Scots," a copy of which has been gratefully acknowledged by the Queen's private secretary. Mr. Begg has taken Nau's narrative as a foundation, and he carefully adheres to such facts, while at the same time he gives much additional light on portions of which the Frenchman is rather obscure. By dint of careful investigation, Mr. Begg was enabled to prepare plans of the castle as restored; and one of these, as sketched by his son, Mr. John Begg, we reproduce, showing the ruins as they exist at present. Mr. Begg's narrative of the Queen's escape is too detailed for quoting, so we submit Nau's brief account:

According to their first plan it was intended that the Queen should leap from a wall which was in the garden, of seven or eight feet in height, but she was afraid to incur the risk. Three or four days before, he and her two *femmes-de-chambre* practised, as if in play, to chase each other all going wherever the first had gone, until this way they came to a wall in one quarter of the house equal in height with which had to be passed. Here one of the attendants (who already had leapt), when the Queen was on the top of the wall, after her, became afraid of being seen, but yet compelled herself to leap, for it was a matter of duty and leap accordingly. Although she was caught with all over by one of her gentlemen of the household, yet she seriously injured one of the points of her foot, which was very weak. The Queen fearing what might happen to herself if she leapt this wall (which had to be done), namely, that she might injure herself so seriously that she would be unable to escape from the castle, gave notice to those two party who were in waiting for her on the other side of the loch, to the effect that she should happen thus suddenly to leap herself, in that case one of her attendants who would remain in her chamber would let them know by a signal of fire whether that she should withdraw. This was intended more particularly for George and Lord Seton, who had a vessel ready in which they might embark and find safety in France.

When William Douglas saw how much the Queen feared this plan of leaping from the wall, he set himself about finding some other way, at once easier and less dangerous, and he proposed that she should go out by the great gate of the gate tower. With the Queen having received money for the purpose he directed the entire household to pack a *day-trouser* on May 2, to be given to part of the house which was farthest from the gate. The Queen and the Laird were retained, in the presence of whom, and of the whole company, William provided a branch to Her Majesty and to each person of the party calling himself "The Abbot of Unreason." He made the Queen cross and promises that for the remainder of his days she would follow him wherever he went, and then having puzzled Her Majesty, everyone laughed at him as if he were indeed a very simpleton.

The Queen remained in this part of the castle during the rest of the day, as well to obtain the suspicion which they might have of her bad retires.

In the afternoon she threw herself upon a sofa, letting it be known that she wished to rest, of which, however, at that time she had no desire, although she had not slept during the whole of the previous night. While she was lying on the bed the Laird's wife was close at hand, chattering with a woman who kept an inn in the village, and she was telling her how only that very day a small troop of men on horseback had passed through the said village. Lord Seton was among them. They said they were going to an Assize, which, in the language of that country, they called a Law Day, to accompany James Hamilton of Hamilton. Also that George Douglas, her brother-in-law, was staying in the village, who was reputed to have come to take care of his mother before going into France. And of a truth the Lady of Lochleven had been to visit her son, and had persuaded him, instead of going to France, to return openly to the Earl of Moray. She had given him a sum of money, and in order to confirm him in this resolution she had brought him letters from the Queen, who expressly commanded him to go to Glasgow with the greatest expedition, this being the road agreed upon between them.

Seton was the Laird's wife astute that day, but the two soldiers who had been wounded had now recovered also. One Drayssel also who served within the house as a second spy, came back on the same day from Edinburgh, where he had been expressly sent by the Queen to receive a certain sum of money of which she had made him a gift. Before he set out she had asked him to buy for her a piece of lawn with a pattern of which she had provided him, and on this pattern she had written to the officers requesting them to detain Drayssel as long as possible. And this they did very successfully.

I must not forget two very remarkable circumstances. The Laird's mother began to talk with the Queen about the report of

her escape which was ripe. She assured Her Majesty that such an event would be the ruin of her and family, whereas, in time, some good understanding might be brought about between Her Majesty and Lord Moray, for the security of all. The Queen answered frankly that, since she was detained there against her will and unjustly, she would do her best, by every means in her power, to escape from prison. Yet the more freely she spoke about it the less did they trust what she said, for they supposed that if there were any truth in it she would have kept her own counsel.

The second incident was this. When this lady was walking in the garden with the Queen she saw a great troop of men on horseback riding along the opposite side of the loch, about whom she raised an outcry, and said that she would send off a messenger to ascertain who they were. To divert her from this intention Her Majesty pretended to be very angry with the Earl of Moray, so that by passing from one subject to another she kept the lady in conversation until supper time, which was intentionally delayed until everything should be ready.

Shortly after the Laird had conducted the Queen into her own room, as he was looking from the window he noticed that William Douglas was putting little pegs of wood into the chains and fixings by which the boats were fastened, one boat being excepted. This he did to prevent the Queen from being followed. Seeing this the Laird roughly spoke to William and called him a fool. The Queen became alarmed as to what might follow, and pretending that she fell very unwell, she asked for some wine. No other person being in the room, the Laird himself had to bring it, and

to do this partly to escape notice, partly to escape being hit if a cannon shot should be sent after her. Several washerwomen and other domestics were amusing themselves in a garden near the loch, when Her Majesty got into the boat. One of the washerwomen even recognized her, and made a sign to William Douglas that she was aware of it, but William called out to her aloud by name, telling her to hold her tongue.

As the boat was nearing the other side William saw one of George's servants, but failed to recognize him as he was armed. Apprehending some harm, he hastened to come nearer the shore; at length, however, the servant having spoken, he landed, and then Her Majesty was met and welcomed by George Douglas and John Beton, who had broken into the Laird's stable and seized his best horses.

Being mounted as best she might, the Queen would not set off until she had seen William Douglas on horseback also—he who had harbored so much for her release. She left her *femmes-de-chambre* behind her, but with directions that she should follow her as soon as she could have an outfit.

Two miles off she met Lord Seton and the Laird of Riccarton with their followers, accompanied by whom she crossed an arm of the sea called Queensferry, where every arrangement for the purpose had been made by Lord Seton.

When the whole of the inhabitants of the village of Lochleven saw the Queen ride past, they all blessed her and prayed for her safety. No one attempted to raise any hindrance, even the Laird's uncle, who recognized her. A countryman promptly got into the boat by which the Queen had crossed,



LOCHLEVEN CASTLE IN THE DAYS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

in so doing forgot what he had seen. And again, when he was at supper, he ordered the window to be shut, which, according to custom, was left open, in order that at the time he might look out upon the loch to notice what might be coming from the village.

As George Douglas was taking leave of his mother, he sent to the Queen, by a maid of the household who had accompanied his mother, a pearl in the shape of a pear, which Her Majesty was in the habit of wearing in one of her ears. This was understood as a signal that all was ready. Along with it he sent a message to the effect that a boatman who had found the pearl wished to sell it to him, but that he, having recognized it as her property, had sent it to her. At the same time he promised the Queen that without fail, he would set out for Glasgow that very evening, and would never return.

An hour before supper time the Queen retired into her own chamber. She put on a red kirtle belonging to one of her women, and over it she covered herself with one of her own mantles. Then she went into the garden to talk to the old lady, whence she could see the people who were walking on the other side of the loch.

Everything being now ready, the Queen, who set purpose had caused the supper to be delayed until that time, now ordered it to be served. When the supper was served, the Laird (whose ordinary custom it was to wait upon her at table) went to sup along with his wife and the rest of his household in a hall on the ground story.

A person called Drayssel, who had the chief charge in the establishment, and who generally remained in the Queen's room to keep her safe, went out along with the Laird and amused himself by playing at hand ball.

In order to free herself from the two young girls who remained with her, Her Majesty in the meantime went into an upper room above her own, occupied by her servant, on the plea that she wished to say her prayers; and, indeed, she did pray very devoutly. In this room she left her mantle, and having put on a hood, such as is worn by the countrywomen of the district, she made one of domestics, who was to accompany her, dress herself in the same fashion. The other *femme-de-chambre* remained with the two young girls to amuse them, for they had become very inquisitive as to the cause of the Queen's lengthened absence.

While the Laird was at supper, William Douglas, as he was handing him his drink, secretly removed the key of the great gate which lay on the table before him. He promptly gave notice of this to the Queen in order that she should come downstairs instantaneously, and immediately afterwards, as he came out of the door, he gave the sign to the young woman who was to accompany Her Majesty, as she was looking towards the window. This being understood the Queen came down forthwith but, as she was at the bottom of the steps, she noticed that several of the servants of the household were passing backwards and forwards in the court, which induced her to stand for some time near the door of the stairs. At last, however, in the sight of the whole of them, she crossed the courtyard, and, having gone out by the great gate, William Douglas locked it with the key, and threw it into a cannon planted near at hand. The Queen and her *femme-de-chambre* had stood for some time close to the wall, fearing that they would be seen from the windows of the house; but at length they got into the vessel, and the Queen laid herself down under the boatman's seat. She had been advised

ed, and rowed back to Lochleven castle, to let them know by the same means that she had escaped, but the discovery had already been made by the report of the girls already mentioned, who were left in the Queen's chamber. Having gone up into the room above, and there finding her mantle, after having searched for her, they thought that she had hidden herself for some purpose; so, not finding her, went downstairs to tell the Laird. They met Drayssel, of whom I have spoken above, and they told him that they could not find the Queen, and that they supposed she had escaped. Drayssel was amazed at this, and said he would soon find her; he would give her leave to escape if she could. At one moment he whistled, at another he cried caper. But in the midst of these sounds arrived the countryman with the boat, who battered at the gate, and cried out that he had seen the Queen pass through the village.

When the Laird was told of this he fell into such a transport of frenzy that he drew his dagger to stab himself, but was prevented by the attendants.

METALLATION.

Hon. S. H. Blake Addresses a Sunday School Convention on the Subject.

Hon. S. H. Blake, Q. C., in delivering an address at a Kingston Sunday school convention, referred to metallation. Following is the substance of his remarks: I am old fashioned enough to believe that the Lord reigneth, and believe that there is such a thing as a Christian politician, although the world may sneer at it, and I just give you one other thing in which I wish that we would arise and shine, and it is this: The nation to the south of us desired that we should enter into a treaty with them, and we did, and there was an award made, and the award was in our favor, as we thought, and they did not like it, and they have disregarded it, and they say that they will retaliate upon us, and we say we will retaliate back. I wish we could let the light shine upon that. I wish we could say, "Whereas you asked us to enter into a treaty, and whereas one thing is, and it has been made, and whereas you did not keep it, and whereas you have not done it, and whereas you have threatened to retaliate on this land, we consider it to be beneath the dignity of a great Christian nation to retaliate." You may do it; we do no such thing. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord.

I know not the means whereby He will protect the people that stand upon His strength and stand to the right, and say, "We know nothing of retaliation, but I know that He will do it." I know not by what sweep of that hand of power He would cause the retaliation to rebound and be felt by the nation that would exercise it against another, but I know that by some means that would be accomplished, and that the shield of His protecting power would prevent any injury happening to us. Let the light shine in upon these matters, whether they be great or whether they be small. Let us see our influence as those that are bound to shine with a bright light from above, and not with the dark and sulphurous light that comes from below. The one gives us retaliation and the other gives us a forgiving spirit, and our confidence in the goodness of our God.

Robert J. Burdette, well-known as editor of the Burlington Hawkeye, and as a humorous lecturer, has been licensed to preach. He is connected with the Baptist denomination.

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FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN.

MERITS OF DIFFERENT ROSES.

A Prominent Florist Considers Roses from a Grower's Standpoint.

In a paper on roses, read by Mr. Edwin Long, of Philadelphia, Pa., at the fourth annual meeting of the Society of American Florists, the following information of practical interest to rose growers was given: American Beauty is perhaps the most remarkable rose on the list. A rose of its size, form and fragrance, and at the same time a perpetual bloomer, is a great strike onward. It was introduced to the American public just when the large hybrid perpetual rose had become fashionable, and never buyers wanted these at all seasons of the year. American Beauty is obtainable from January to September. It will stand much heat and moisture when in good health, and seems to do better the third year after planting out than the first. The plan of bending down the shoots seems to be the best for this rose. It causes flowering shoots to break from the base which generally produce fine blooms.

But it is the smith, the horse shoe, who ruins the frog; that is, very many of them do this. During the many years that the writer has driven horses, he has always made it a rule to present during the shoeing, and has never permitted more than the slightest trimming of the frog, nothing more than the trimming of insignificant parts, already nearly detached. The smith can maul and severely damage the hoof by the use of the rasp; but, fortunately, the frog is proof against attacks by this instrument, and even the knife requires to be sharp, else the peculiar nature of the frog will resist.

Rose ever created so much attention in this country as the William Bennett. It has been one of the most valuable roses introduced into our list of winter blooming sorts for a number of years. It is a hard rose to get started on account of its free blooming tendency, but by persistent disbudding, when planted no more than three or four inches deep in rich, light soil on a well drained table, it is one of the most profitable varieties grown. It requires more heat than most of the teas, and seems to improve in constitution each year.

Catherine Mermet commands the admiration of every one who sees it. Its delicate coloring, fragrance and exquisite form have made it a deserved favorite. Unfortunately everybody cannot grow it profitably. It requires special treatment to bring out its paying qualities, and is very much inclined to run to blind wood if grown in too light a soil. It prefers a rather stiff, though porous, soil, for no rose is more impatient of excessive moisture at the roots, and a night temperature of not higher than 55 degs. produces the finest flowers.

The Bride is a sprout from the last named variety, being identical with it, excepting in color, which is white. It has established itself as one of the best white roses we have. Of course, it does not compare with the Puritan when at its best, nor with Nipheta for productivity, but, unfortunately everybody cannot grow it profitably. It requires special treatment to bring out its paying qualities, and is very much inclined to run to blind wood if grown in too light a soil. It prefers a rather stiff, though porous, soil, for no rose is more impatient of excessive moisture at the roots, and a night temperature of not higher than 55 degs. produces the finest flowers.

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Brandon Weekly Mail.

THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1888.

THE RAILWAY Muddle.

The muddle into which the Northern Pacific and the Manitoba Railway brought itself is the all-absorbing topic of the day. During the week we have had the Premier and his Friday, Mr. Martin, leading mobs to effect crossings of the C. P. R. by physical force, and we have had the C. P. R. people check-mating them at every step, tearing up rails as fast as the Government could put them down, injunctions in the courts, their dissolution and re-establishment, and almost everything else mud could imagine, in the form of children's play.

Some people say that this proceeding is meant to benefit on the part of the C. P. R., as it is an effort to retain the continuance of monopoly, notwithstanding the fact that the latter has been purchased by the Dominion's guaranteeing a loan of fifteen million of dollars, but nothing is further from the truth. The case is simply this:

The constitution of Canada, in general terms, provides that provinces shall have the right to build railways wholly confined within their boundaries; but another clause says "such roads, though wholly within a province, as may be declared before or after their construction, to be for the general advantage of Canada," shall come under the legislative control of the Parliament of Canada.

In 1883 a Dominion Act, known as the General Railway Act of Canada, previously in existence in a certain form, was revised, and a clause was embodied in it, as follows, under the clause of the constitution cited above:

"The Intercolonial, Grand Trunk, Canada Southern and Canadian Pacific railways are hereby declared to be works for the general advantage of Canada, and every branch line of railway now or hereafter connecting with or crossing any of the said lines is a work for the general advantage of Canada. Every such railway and branch line shall be subject to the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada."

Now, this in effect means that the roads the Manitoba Government is trying to build is "subject to the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada," because it is intended to cross the C. P. R., one of the roads named in the Act for the general advantage of Canada, and therefore subject to the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada, which means, must be chartered by that body. Mr. Martin, we believe, says the General Railway Act is *infra etiis* of the

law that has been done with the N. P. people, and no power to pass it. As however, it was passed in the presence of such gentlemen as Hon. E. Blake, Sir Richard Cartwright, Philosopher Mills, Mr. Watson, (Manitoba's only representative,) etc., without a word of objection or comment, the public must look for higher authority than Martin's law word before they question the legality of the Act.

The public must not believe the C. P. R.'s monopoly is still in force, in fact the construction of the R. R. V. and its present operation is a proof that it is as dead as a doornail; neither can the construction of branch lines be prevented, even across the C. P. R., but the C. P. R. say they must be built according to law, and what is more natural than that? The Railway Act that we have cited does not apply to Manitoba alone, it applies to any other province in the Confederacy as well as this, and the man who says that it is an encroachment on Manitoba's rights, simply does not know what he is talking about. If for instance the C. P. R. desired to cross the Grand Trunk in Ontario, it would have to conform to the provisions of this law, and in the name of common sense, what injustice can there be in asking the N. P. company or even the Local Government of Manitoba to conform to the law here the C. P. R. would have to observe in any other province, and there is nothing new in this principle, and no peculiar hardship in it. We know, for instance, Mayor Fraser has not a monopoly in the dry goods business of this city, yet he can prevent any other man from building a shop on his property, or from even putting up a class of building that does not conform to the law by law, and the same is true of local railways. If for instance, the Manitoba Government wanted to build a road that would serve western interests better than any other line that can be projected, one from Brandon to the Souris coal fields, and thence across the boundary, it could be done under a provincial charter ratified and free from C. P. R. interference, but because they cannot do as they like with the property of other companies, is no reason they are harshly dealt with.

There is one thing now that Joe Martin can do, and what we are of the opinion he yet will have to do, if he wants to succeed with these railways. We are fully aware it will be very mortifying to a man of his intelligence (?) ambition, conceit, arrogance, and that is, drop his present proactivity, apply to the Dominion Parliament for his charter, secure it there, and go ahead according to law. It will of course undo all

The Winnipeg Sun of Saturday announced the Greenway Government had resigned, but it appears they are sticking to it yet—they conclude they cannot earn \$3,724 a year any other way, to say nothing of pickings from railway companies, and they have decided to hold the fort until they are turned out either by the constitutional authorities or the people. The cause of the report was that Greenway and Co. wanted the Lieutenant-Governor to sign a proclamation, calling the House together, and he declined to do it until the Government advanced solid reasons for doing so. He said if he was to read a speech at the opening of a session, as he would have to do if one was called, he first wanted to see what was in that speech. He verily does not believe in the "shut-your-eyes-and-open-your-mouth" way of doing things, and he is right. So far, however, the reasons have not been advanced, and no session has been called. Doubtless the object of the session is to pass some of those muzzling acts, like that legislating the Cali Co. out of court, and for which the name of Joe Martin will become famous in posterity. If the Government actually ask for a session of the House, and his excellency absolutely refuses to grant it, the constitutional course is resignation, but we fancy Greenway and Co. are too cute to put the matter in an imperative form—they always leave the second hole to escape from when cornered in the one, like the Manitoba gopher. However, but a short time will elapse until the climax is reached one way or the other. Would not, gentle reader, three sessions in one year, with three sessional indemnities be a good thing for the thirty Govt representatives of Manitoba? Why, they could all live and grow fat on that, screaming at the top of their voices via Martin & Co. with three sessions a year!

Cured By B. B. When All Else Failed.

Mr. Samuel Allan, of Lisle, Ont., states that he tried all the doctors in his locality while suffering for years with Liver and Kidney trouble; nothing benefitted him until he took Burdock Blood Bitters, four bottles of which cured him.

The Episcopal Church Synod met yesterday and is continuing the session to-day. It is largely attended, and all interested are cheerfully invited to be present at the sittings to-day.

Vauvallo To Know.

Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and harassing cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Haggard's Pastoral Balsam that cures coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary troubles.

New Butcher Shop!

THOMAS GREEN opened out on

Friday, October 26th, 1888,

a Butcher Shop in Mr. Bunker's

Old Express Office,

Upper Avenue, where he hopefully promises to business to meet a steady public patronage.

Meat of the Best Quality Provided.

A young man wanted immediately to

the above business.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS-MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTER.

None Other is Genuine.

Enoch's Dance Album

Just Published.

CONTAINS:

Love's dreamland waltz,
Balmoral quadrills,
Old china polka,
Old guard waltz,
Chelsea china polka,
Sultan of Mocha waltz,
Golden love waltz,
Old times coach gallop.

The above are the latest compositions and cannot be bought singly for less than 50 cents. The whole are bound in a neat cover and will be mailed to any address for 25 cents.

Cliffe's Book Store,
Brandon.

THE BRANDON MAIL.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than any other, and equalled in quality and in composition with the multitude of lower, short-sighted, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., 105 Wall Street, New York.

Pills! **Pills!** **Itching Pills.**
SYMPTOMS—MOSURE; intense Itching and Biting; sometimes tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the Itching, heals ulcers, and in most cases removes tumors. At present, sent by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. SWAYNE, 620, New Philadelphia.

Feverous, Itchy, Scaly, Skin Tumors.
The simple application of SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Itch, Scars, Fins, Eczema, &c. It is a strong salve, and no matter how obstinate or long standing. It is potent, effective, and costs but a trifle.

Drunkards, or the Liquor Habit, can be cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given to a drunkard, or without the knowledge of the patient, taking it, affects a cool and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wretch. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have continued to be so by the simple application of this knowledge, and they believe quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cure guaranteed. Circular and sample sent free. Address, DR. HAINES' SPECIAL H. CO., 117 Nassau St., Cincinnati, O.

YOUNG MEN—READ THIS.

The VOLTAGE BELL Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAGE BELL & other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES to young men, who are suffering from diseases caused with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete guarantee to the Doctor and Manufacturer's satisfaction. To ask is incurred a thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged, &c., they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, & muscular swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured by Thomas Holloway's Establishment,
78, NEW OXFORD STREET (BETWEEN 53 & OXFORD STREET), LONDON.
Antiseptics, 4, 12, 14, 16, 18, 22, &c., each Box or Pot, and may
Medicine Venders throughout the World.

All Purchasers should look to the London Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 53 & Oxford St., London, they are spurious.

RAY & CURTISS, Eight Street, Brandon.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

DIFFERENT BRANDS OF OAT MEAL.

Large stock RAPID CITY FLOUR constantly on hand sold cheap in Job Lots for Cash. Small Profits and Quick Returns.

Highest Cash Price Paid for all Kinds of Grain.

RAY & CURTISS.

ROSE & CO., CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS,

Rosser Avenue, Brandon.

A Full Line of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles, &c.

COMPETENT DISPENSER

On Hand Day and Night.

Orders for Brandon Nurseries Night.

Farmers and Threshers Take Notice.

USE NONE BUT

MCCOLL'S LARDINE OIL!

Unequalled in lubricating qualities and guaranteed not to run.

Beware of Counterfeits having Inferior Oils.

Extra Cylinder No. 1 Engine Lard Oils, Challenge and Eureka Machine, Bolt cutting, Harness Oil and Axle Grease always in stock.

Sold by JOHNSON & Co. and WILSON & Co. only,

BRANDON, MANITOBA.

Beware of other dealers selling this Oil.

MCCOLL Bros. & Co., Sole Manufacturers, Toronto.

Perfect Fits.

IF YOU WANT A

Cheap & Neat Fitting Suit

—Call on—

L. STOCKTON,

Next to Dr. Fleming's Drug Store.

Fashionable Spring Suits

FROM \$16 UP.

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Bring along your cash and we will make price suit you.

L. STOCKTON. Pioneer Tailor.

MEDICAL HALL,

Rosser Ave. — Brandon.

Halpin's Sarsaparilla,

For the Blood and Skin Diseases so prevalent at this season of the year.

A SOLE REMEDY.

Halpin's Hair Promoter

Counters the effect of Alkali Water on the Hair.

HALPIN'S HORSE AND CATTLE REMEDIES

Give perfect satisfaction.

Physicians' Prescriptions

Prepared Day or Night by Competent Dispensers.

M. J. HALPIN, CHEMIST & DRUGGIST, BRANDON, MAN.

For Dyspepsia.

SWAYNE'S BALSAMIC LIQUID OINTMENT is a powerful Remedy. It is worth its weight in gold for the treatment of this distressing disease. A full treatise on Dyspepsia, with directions for its prevention and cure, with each dosage, weight of oil used to those who will call. If your doctor does not prescribe it, you will be well advised to do so. Thousands of genuine testimonials. Address, Wm. H. SWAYNE, Laboratory, JOHN T. WALL, Prop., Amherst, Ont.

Not a Pimple on Him.

Pad with Eucalyptus. Hair all gone, Scalp covered with eruptions. There was no hair on the head, and the skin was red. The doctor said he had no hope. He applied the ointment, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the COTTERCA Remedies to mothers as the most speedy, comfortable and safe cures for all children. I have a child of 10 years old, and a child of 12 years old, and children, and find that every mother who has an afflicted child will thank me for so doing.

MRS. M. E. WOODSBURG, Norway, Me.

A Fever Sure Eight Years Cured.

I am writing to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured, by using the COTTERCA Remedies, of an old sore, caused by a sharp splinter of wood, eight years ago. He was told by his doctor that he had all hope lost.

He was a bad boy, but he would have to have his leg amputated, if he was to live. He is now entirely well, sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. COOK, Peoria, Illinois.

JOHN U. MINOR, Peoria, Ill., Gainsboro, Tenn.

Severe Skin Disease Cured.

A few weeks ago my wife suffered very much from a constitutional disease of the skin, and received no relief from the various remedies she used until she tried COTTERCA. The disease promptly yielded to this treatment, and in a month she was entirely well. There has been no return of the disease, and COTTERCA ranks No. 1 in our estimation for disease of the skin.

KENYON J. PRESSLEY BARRETT, D. D. S., Rosser Avenue, N. C.

From Pimples to Scrofula Cured.

COTTERCA, the great skin cure, externally, and COTTERCA SOAPS prepared from it, externally, and COTTERCA REMOVAL, the new blood purifier internally, are a positive cure for every form of blood and skin disease, capable of rendering.

Sold by COTTERCA CO., LTD., 100 King Street, Toronto, Canada. For "How to Cure Skin Disease," 46 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Body preserved and beautified by COTTERCA MEDICATED SOAP.

EVERY MUSCLE ACHE.

Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and Weakness relieved in one minute in the COTTERCA Anti-Pain Plaster.

A perfect antidote to pain and weakness. The first and only pain-killing Plaster. 30 cents.

Advice to Mothers.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of some sort? So send at once a 50 cent bottle of "Mrs. Wm. C. Cotter's Syrup" for Children. Teeth.

Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it. M. C. COTTER, 100 King Street, Toronto, Canada.

Advice to Farmers.—Wind Colic, infants.

Redema reduces inflammation, and gives

energy to the whole organism. Wind.

Now's the time to get your supply.

It is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and surgeons in the United States, and is found in every city and town in America.

It is the only safe and reliable Remedy.

It is the only Remedy.

THE BRANDON MAIL.

TEA-TABLE CHIT-CHAT.

Chicken For Dinner—Sad Waste of Time—Worth Trying.

The Heart of Africa.
Oh, fare you well, my sweetheart tree;
Parted for a year and a day,
I'll be going back to the Sankuru,
In the heart of Africa.

I'm going to capture a cockatoo
On the banks of the broad Kasai,
And take a swim in the bright Beine,
In the heart of Africa.

I'm going to camp with the wild Zulu,
And shoot with an assegai,
And chase the spiral horned kudu,
In the heart of Africa.

I'm going to paddle my own canoe
On the silver Ogooué,
Till I come to the city of Sakouto,
In the heart of Africa.

If I don't return, O sweetheart true,
At the end of a year and a day,
Then and I am drowned in the Sankuru,
In the heart of Africa.

But there are reasons unknown to you
Why I cannot get away;
I may marry the queen of Karague,
In the heart of Africa.

—Elsie Gray in Harper's Monthly.

Identification.

Young Man—do doctor—I see by the newspapers that there is an unclaimed body at the morgue.

Coroner—Yes, sir.

"I think the body is that of a friend of mine."

"Was there any peculiarity about your friend by which you could identify his remains?"

"Yes, sir, he stuttered horribly."—Drake's Magazine.

Doing Him an Injustice.

Dumley (who proposes to "strike" Brown for \$20)—Brown, I'm in bad shape, and I want you to do me a favor.

Brown—Anything, Dumley, anything, but lend you money; I'm up myself.

Dumley (who sees his case is hopeless)—Brown, did I ask you to lend me any money? Did I say a single word about money? The favor I was about to ask is—but never mind—never mind—(goes off with a touching air of having been misjudged).—Life.

Extravagant.

Jeph Allen was about as mean
As father was ever seen;
And, ever traveling for pleasure,
He would always wonder what would measure.

"Last week I to Chicago went,"
He said, "and what d'you think I spent?"
His friend replied: "I cannot say—
Perhaps you spent about a day?"—Time.

Could Afford to Wear Any Kind.

"The young man who accompanied you to church last evening, Laura," said Miss Garlinghouse, "has a fine, intellectual face, but it seemed to me that his—pardon me—his trousers were somewhat baggy at the knees."

"Quin' likely, Irene," replied Miss Kajones, with some humor. "Mr. Hankinson is, if I mistake not, one of the heaviest stockholders in the Bagging trust."—Chicago Tribune.

Chicken for Dinner.

Uncle Rastus—Cousin hospitality, sah.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah. I invited the minister to a Sunday dinner, an' when I got home late Saturday night dat ole woman 'lowed me dat dar warn't a chicken in de house an' de sto's was all closed.—Now York Sun.

Sad Waste of Time.

There was a man who had a clock,
He named it "Time Measur";
He wound it nearly every day,
For many, many years;

At last his precious timepiece proved
An eight day clock to be,
And a master man than Mr. Meares
I would not wish to see.

—Jeweler's Weekly.

Worth Trying.

An agricultural journal makes the remarkable statement that "a horseshoe nailed on the forward feet of a cow or a steer will prevent jumping fences." Farmers who have trouble with jumping fences should try the experiment. A jumping fence on a farm must be very annoying.—Norristown Herald.

The Popular Movement in Watches.

First Seedy Individual—I lost my watch yesterday.

Second Seedy Individual—Was it a good one?

"Eighteen karat."

"What movement? Elgin or Waltham?"

"Neither. Three ball."—Omaha World.

The Immortal Cobbler.

The cobbler does not die, of course.
When all his years are past,
Because it's quite impossible
For him to breathe his last.

—Harper's Bazaar.

His Joke.

Miss Grace—Peculiar costume for a man to wear, isn't it?

Uncle George—Yes; but do you know that at one time the men of the United States wore dresses?

"Why, no; when was that?"

"When they were infants."—Harper's Bazaar.

When the Ground Was Broken.

A young couple in Massachusetts were married in a balloon and dropped into a swamp at the end of their bridal trip. The moist condition of the ground thus broke the force of their first family jar.—Chicago News.

Elton's Thought.

Elton packed up a leaf, discolored and brown, from the grass, where it had fallen down. "I am going to keep it till fall," she said. "To watch it turn a beautiful red."—Harper's Young People.

A Scare.

He (slightly)—A friend of mine told me today that in Cuba a young lady is not allowed to kiss her lover until after marriage. (The (doubtful)—I should like to see so

Cuba.
Ho (shocked)—Cuba!
She (tenderly)—After marriage.—Philadelph Record.

Accounted For.

"The world is round, and like a ball
Goes swinging in the air,"
Which may account, perhaps, for all
The folks not being square!—Time.

She Had Promises.

Sick Lady—Am I very ill, doctor?
Physician—Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavor to get you up again.

Sick Lady in a faint voice—Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get back to the top.—Drake's Magazine.

Grateful Major Banks.

There was an old major named Banks,
Who had risen from low in the ranks;
When to him they said, "You've got the big lead,"

He smilingly answered, "Thanks!"—Judge.

What Lies He Was In.

What appeared to be a particularly robbing drummer rattled away to a neighbor in a Sixth avenue elevated car, yesterday, all about his business success. Then he was curious to learn something about his neighbor's affairs. They were very interesting. His expenses were \$15 a day, and he hadn't made a sale in four weeks, and didn't expect to make one in another month.

"My, my, don't they kick!" asked the ever-vigilant one, referring to his neighbor's employers.

"Oh, no," replied the \$15 man. That so nonplussed the other that he asked:

"What business are you in, my friend?"

"I sell suspension bridges," was the calm rejoinder.—New York Sun.

The Fall.

The "festive" fly has ceased to tease,
And banished is the mosquito's song,
And people on such nights as these
May stumble sweetly, slumber long.

The autumn days are bright with sun,
And landscapes fair around us lie,
And maidens and matrons have begun
Their autumn clothes to make or buy.

The fruit upon the trees is ripe,
When gilds the orchard heart, I ween;
No more he feels the golden grip
It used to give when it was green.

The boys and girls now wander far
Through wood the ripened nuts to seek;
And now's engaged the Thespian star
For seventy-five (or less) a week.

Oh! glorious season of the fall,
How pleasant are thy sounds and scenes!
Thy advent gives delight to all—
Except the man of little means.

What cares he for thy cloudless skies,
Thy landscapes fair which thrill the soul?
Poor man, before the prices rise,
He must lay in his wood and coal!

—Boston Courier.

His Curiosity Fully Satisfied.

Small Man on railway train, writing letter to his wife—it would afford you some amusement, my dear, if you could see the freckled faced, long, lean, gamine shanked, knock-kneed, sneaking, impudent, ill bred, half baked specimen of a backwoods gawky that is looking over my shoulder as I write this.

Large Man on seat (drolly)—You lie, you little scamp!

Small Man (turning round)—Beg pardon, sir; are you speaking to me?

Large Man (confusedly)—Y—not? Not I didn't say anything. I wasn't speaking. I—

Small man resumes his writing. Large man goes back to the rear platform of the last car on the train and relieves his mind by swearing volubly at the flying landscape.—Chicago Tribune.

About the Size of It.

Brown and Robinson had made a bet. "Well," said Brown, "how shall we settle it, leave it to the editor of *The Bugle* to decide." I never read the paper, but I suppose that T do as well as any other."

"Not I either," said Robinson. "I haven't seen a copy of it for ten years, but anything that suits you suits me."

So Brown writes: "Dear sir, to decide a bet, will you please inform me and so forth?"

"There," said Brown, "what shall I sign it?"

"Sign it 'Constant Reader'?"—The Epoch.

A Kiss in a Canoe.

The maiden sat in a light canoe,
Afloat on a mountain lake;

And a mad idea shot wildly through

The brain of her lover (she sat there too)
That he, in that self same light canoe,

A stolen kiss would take.

Now the maiden sat there, unhappy

Of the plot that he had hatched;

And the mountain breezes played with her hair,

And fanned her cheek, and her brow so fair.

As she sat there still, quite unaware

Of the kiss to soon be snatched.

Then the lover awaited a real good chance

To capture the longed for kiss.

When, watching the wimpling wavelets dance,

She turned her head with a quick, shy glance,

And leaning back, she gave him a chance

That was truly too good to miss.

So he bent to meet her, and tried to steal

The kiss that he burned to get.

But he bent so quick, in his ardor, real,

That the craft upset like a whirling wheel,

And he missed the kiss that he tried to steal.

And they both got very wet.

—Journal of Education.

Critical to the Last.

Judge (concluding a sentence)—And you will then be hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead.

Condemned Man—Your honor, I should think that a man in your position would avoid superfluity of language.

"What do you mean?"

"There is no necessity for the repetition of the word dead; in fact, there is no necessity for the use of the word at all, for it follows that if I am hanged by the neck death must ensue; therefore—"

"Sheriff, remove the prisoner."—Lincoln Journal.

A Sure Sign.

Two little girls were heard one day discussing the merits of a certain school teacher.

"She ain't a lady," said Marie.

"She is, too, a lady," insisted Marie.

"No, she ain't," cause her pup dog wears a shiny ribbon all down."

—Harper's Young People.

A Scare.

He (slightly)—A friend of mine told me today that in Cuba a young lady is not allowed to kiss her lover until after marriage.

(The (doubtful)—I should like to see so

THE BRANDON MAIL.

"She is, too, a lady." I know it, 'cause she told her sister, an' her sister tell me she's mad—"You're a Youth.

A Cleric's Diplomacy.

Shoe Dealer (to clerk)—William, why did you insist upon selling to that old gentleman who just went out a pair of small, soft shoes, when he called for large cowhide boots?

"Well—or—"

"I insist upon knowing."

"The fact is, I call on his daughter quite frequently in the evenings."—Chicago Tribune.

The Truth of the Matter.

She waved her graceful hand to me, and glanced and nodded as I passed. I'm of a poor and low degree;

"She with the proudest set is classed.

And put she waved her hand to me.

"Friend, which is the most valuable, honest, and upright man in the world?"

"I am not as others are.

"She waved her hand; no head took I,

"But guided on my bobtail car."—Life.

No Moment.

Anxious Mother—My dear, little Dick has been fighting again.

Husband—How, eh? Where's that switch? Got his face all scratched up, I suppose?

"N-o-o."

"Clothes torn, may be?"

"But I don't get hurt this time. It was the other boy that got hurt."

"Oh! Well, boys will be boys, my dear. Is supper ready?"—Philadelphia Record.

A Sign of Old Age.

"Yes," said the fruit man at the corner, regretfully, "I'm gittin' old. I can't see as well as I used to. When I sell a pound of grapes to a man that's in a hurry I sometimes git it in a ripe bunch by mistake." And the poor old man sighed dismaly.—Chicago Tribune.

Lucky Old Taro.

The fly that once through Taro's halls
The soul of music died,
Now sticks as mute on Taro's walls
As though soul were dead.

And yet methinks old Taro's heart
Rejoices at the change.

Taro's heart is densely half

Where flies are wont to range.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Dutiful Son.

The fruit upon the trees is ripe,

When gilds the orchard heart, I ween;

No more he feels the golden grip

It used to give when it was green.

The boys and girls now wander far

Through wood the ripened nuts to seek;

And now's engaged the Thespian star

For seventy-five (or less) a week.

—Boston Courier.

Pride Has a Fall.

They fly that once through Taro's halls

The soul of music died,
Now sticks as mute on Taro's walls
As though soul were dead.

And yet methinks old Taro's heart
Rejoices at the change.

Taro's heart is densely half

Where flies are wont to range.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

Father Didn't Know Why.

Father (a strict disciplinarian)—Why didn't you tell me my coat was burning?

Son—You told me never to interrupt you when you were reading aloud.—Life.

Pride Has a Fall.

A small man, a friend to me, was a bit of a bore.

He would sit in a chair and talk about nothing but himself.

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He would sit in a chair and talk about nothing but himself.

He would sit in a chair and talk about nothing but himself.

He would sit

THE BRANDON MAIL.

THE SCOTCH CROFTERS.

How They Like Their Locations in the West.

Valuable Testimony of One Who Has Personally Inspected Their Homes.

Mr. Charles Jones, of Inverness, Scotland, a prominent member of the Scotch bar, has been visiting the crofters in this country, in the interests of the Edinburgh Scotsman, to which he intends sending a series of letters. Interviewed upon his return, Mr. Jones said: "I found that every man and woman whom I saw was perfectly satisfied with the locations on which they had been placed at Pelican Lake, and they all said that, so far as they could judge, they would never dream of returning to their old life in Scotland, seeing that in the portion of Manitoba to which they had been sent they had the prospect within a few years of attaining a position which, in the old country, would be beyond their reach, if each of them lived to the age of Methusalem. Those with whom I had the opportunity of conversing were indignant at the terms of the communication addressed to the Glasgow Herald by a man of the name of MacIver, who came out from the Island of Lewis, but did not name one of their number. They say it was not only not anticipated to speak on their behalf, but that they had required a majority of the men to do the last thing they would have thought of. The only complaint I had from a good many of them was from our married women, who said their only grievance was that they had no regular church services, and the desire of their hearts was to have some minister who could preach to them in the Gaelic language. In passing through Winnipeg, however, I ascertained from Rev. Dr. Robertson that arrangements were now being made whereby this want would be supplied in the immediate future."

What about their complaints as stated by Mr. MacIver, that pre-emption is not given to them?

I never heard any confirmation of that complaint. The possession as owners of 160 acres in fee simple by men who hitherto have only been able to rent a few acres of peat moss is something beyond what they at one time had ever ventured to hope for. Not only did they not say anything to me about wishing for more land or expressing disappointment that they had not got more land, but it struck me that it would take the small time to bring into cultivation the reasonable amount of the homestead grant which they have got. I may mention that a sum of 160 acres of cultivable land, capable of growing wheat, is considered a farm of some importance in the Old Country.

Did you learn anything as to the way the Government of Canada had been misled?

Several of the crofters told me that they had had advanced to them by the Imperial government certain sums, not exceeding £25 sterling, before they left Scotland. The sums so advanced were, I understand from them, expended in procuring the necessary outfit, clothing, blankets, etc. Not one word was said about their having expended the money in repaying arrears of rents due by them to the proprietors, Lady Matheson, on whose estate they had formerly been tenants, and I do not believe that a single penny of the money was so expended. The greater number of the assisted crofters were men with families, and some of their families were large, hence the expenditures on their behalf for passage money were correspondingly great. Of course the people who came came voluntarily, and I am aware that other men with families had expressed their wish to accept the liberal offer of the Imperial government of £20 per family, but the experiment was limited at that time to 50 families, hence Mr. M. MacIver, who was deputed by the government to select the men, chose only those suitable to make good colonists.

What progress are the crofts making?

They were not able to have any grain crop this year owing to their late arrival in the country (June). However, through the kindness of a neighboring householder, about ten acres of land were plowed at their disposal in which a quantity of potatoes was planted to form a sufficient supply for the settlers to tide them over the winter. They have occupied themselves during the season in building their houses, stables, etc., and in preparing a portion of their land for next year's crop. All those with whom I conversed spoke hopefully of their condition and prospects. I asked them particularly whether from what they had seen of the country they were disatisfied and would like to return to Scotland. The reply of each and all was that they would not on account of returning, and expressing themselves as very grateful to the imperial government, by whose aid they were enabled to come out to this country. Some of them had a little money of their own to begin with, but none of them would have been able to have made such a start as they have made without government aid. The government terms, I consider, to be very liberal, seeing that no interest or instalment will be payable until the fourth year. From what I have seen of Manitoba and the Territories I should say that the district in which the crofters have been located is a very good one. I speak with some knowledge, seeing that I have driven off the line of railway across the prairies a distance of at least 800 miles, and I consider it fortunate that they were enabled to secure the lands of the Canada Northwest Land company, the government having none as good to offer them. Every one of the crofters seen by me spoke in terms of the utmost gratitude with regard to the kindness shown them by Mr. Scarth, M.P., and his good lady. Mr. Scarth secured them agricultural implements at wholesale prices, besides letting them have these lands in exchange for government lands; while Mrs. Scarth and her family took up their residence in the midst of the crofters for two months during the past season and helped them with advice and assistance in many ways.

The Rev. B. Evans, of Monghyr, India, says: "In the Life and Work of Christ,

published lately by some Hindus, the author laments the facts that lack of people (that means hundreds of thousands) are becoming Christians, and appeals most earnestly to the adherents of the Hindoo faith to copy the example of missionaries who are to be found at all the melas and principal places of pilgrimage, etc., to stem the tide of Christianity which is flowing over the land.

Vancouver Industries.

Mr. Charles Jones, of the firm of Anderson & Gray, who are starting what will be known as the Vancouver Mill company, paid the World office a brief visit this morning. Mr. Anderson has just returned from Pembroke, Ont., and is staying at the Oriental. In connection with the new mill, which will be located just east of the San Juan Lime Kiln company's works, he states that the main object of the firm will be to supply both local and foreign trade. The work of preparing the site for the erection of the main building, which will be 140x140 feet, will be commenced right away. From 30 to 40 hands will be employed to commence with. The machinery has been ordered from the well-known works of the Win. Hamilton Co., of Peterboro. The capacity of the mill will be from 70,000 to 80,000 feet per day, and will be increased as occasion requires. Extensive wharves will be built out to deep water to enable large sailing vessels to load without any difficulty. Mr. Anderson is a man of large experience in the lumber trade, having been connected with it for the past 23 years in the neighborhood of Pembroke, the most extensive lumbering district in the whole of Eastern Canada. He was here in the summer, and states that on his return to the city he notices many additions in the way of buildings which were not noticeable when he started on his trip to the east. There is plenty of scope for an experienced and enterprising firm of this kind, and Messrs. Anderson & Gray are sure to carry on their business with success.—Vancouver World.

Sir Charles Dilke.

A gentleman who was present at Sir Charles Dilke's last night, informs me that Sir Charles has greatly improved in appearance since he sat in the House of Commons. His face is no longer "sunited over with the pale cast of thought," the result, evidently, of being liberated from official labor and long parliamentary sittings. In fact, he is a young man again. Rightly or wrongly, this unfortunate gentleman believes that his moral character is on the eve of being publicly rehabilitated. On this subject he spoke freely and with emphasis. A feature of the gathering which went down to Shone street to induce the right hon.-baronet to join the county council, was the large number of ladies who attended. Indorsement of the number was deplored to make a speech on behalf of a ladies' association in favor of the object of the deputation. Lady Dilke sat beside her husband. She has very fine eyes, with a clear cut, compact face and received with tearful gladness the assurance of the speakers that in their opinion, and that of those they represented, her husband had long since quashed the "cloud of slanders" which his public career had been temporarily rained.

The Expected Coal Miners' Strike.

Telegrams received from the coal mining districts point to a colossal movement on the part of the miners to enforce the demand of 10 per cent. addition to their wages. But in the opinion of great merchants in the metropolis there is little doubt that the masters will concede the terms rather than risk a strike at the top of a rising market. Coal is going up—that is certain. Here in London the rise has already reached 2s. retail. The fact ominous when we regard it by side with the rise in the price of wheat, barley, oats, etc., is pretty conclusive that the point in view is a dear loaf and a dear fire to eat it by. The improvement in trade does not, unfortunately, materially benefit those who belong to the lower industrial branches.

The New Map of Europe.

A Paris paper has published a full page illustration of the new map of Europe, which is being issued by the three emperors. Belgium disappears in what is called "New Germany," the Bosnian provinces down to Salonica become "New Austria," Bulgaria to Varna becomes "New Russia." England is mercifully left untouched for the present, but doubtless our time will come with the next deal. There is much provision in the cartoon, and certainly the Emperor William's sword buckles toasts have not tended to greatly measure the public mind.

They Were of the Wrong Size.

"These stockings are all wool, I presume?" she said, as she requested the clerk to wrap all four dozen pairs.

"Oh, yes, miss," he answered in thoughtlessness, "they're all wool and a yard wide."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, indignantly, and before he fully realized what he had said, she whisked out of the store.—Washington Critic.

Taking Every Chance.

Old Lady (to Harlemon boy)—Is the game of ball over, sonny?

Sonny—Noh; it's only in de fif' innin'. De Goatlwillians are over de fence changin' der clothes fer ter kill er hoodoo. It's gittin' very late in de season, ma'am, an' evry game frum now on is goin' ter be played fer blood.

Young Doctor—They don't bleed people nowadays as they did twenty years ago, do they, professor?

Professor—Not with the lancet.—Doctor.

Rev. Edward Eves, of Norway House, writes to Rev. W. L. Rutledge giving details of visits to Cross Lake and Oxford House. At the latter place a stay of five days was made, and religious services were held twice every day, with good results. The missionary is having success in his work.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

A Temporary Loan—Oysters Are in Season—A Singular Man.

On a Baker street car the other day a man who had taken a car ticket from his wallet dropped the "leather" on the floor at his feet in trying to replace it in his pocket. Three or four passengers saw the transaction, but no one had said a word, when the loser discovered his loss and started up and sat down in disgust.

"Anything wrong?" asked a passenger.

"Yes, wallet is gone."

"Probably picked out of your pocket?"

"No, I guess not."

"Don't you suspect some one in this car?"

"Oh, no, I probably dropped it on the street."

"Probably contained a hundred dollars, didn't it?"

"No."

"Much as fifty, then?"

"No. I guess there was about a dollar in it."

"But you will stand off your gas bill and water tax and grocer on account of it, of course?"

"No, sir; I shall pay everything today."

"Well, good-bye to you, if you ain't a mighty queer man, and here's your wallet!"

Say folks, let's present him a token of our utmost amazement."

And they bought him six car tickets and offered to run him for mayor.—Detroit Free Press.

Oysters Are in Season.

She blushingly—Why do you say my teeth are like pearls?

He (gallantly)—Because they are. I can't compare them with anything else.

She (smiling)—You are a flatterer, I'm afraid, George.

He (gravely)—Flatterer? No. I only speak the plain and simple truth.

She And they are really like pearls!

He (emphatically)—They are.

She (with an arch glance)—Do you know what your reference to pearls reminds me of, George?

He—I can't say. What does it remind you of?

She—Oysters.—Boston Courier.

Ting-a-ling-tre-sses.

Tired Stranger (2 o'clock a.m.)—I've been traveling since yesterday morning. Can you give me a quiet room where I can sleep till 11 o'clock? Don't care where it is, nor what it costs, but want the quietest room in the building.

Hotel Clerk—Can fix you all right, sir. Show the gentleman to No. 88.

No. 88 is a cosy room on the fourth floor just opposite the elevator, and the stranger, a class leader of seventeen years' standing, backsides hopelessly before 8 o'clock.—Chicago Tribune.

To Cork Political Prophets.

Blinks—There comes Jinks. Let's get away from him. He thinks he's a political prophet, and does nothing but bore everybody he meets.

Kinks—Let him come; I'll shut him up like a jackknife.

"Eh! You won't threaten to strike him, will you?"

"No; I'll offer to bet with him."—Philadelphia Record.

For Once.

Maiden Lady—I think I will visit a chiropodist while I am in the city.

Friend—Have you ears?

M. L.—No.

F.—Eunuchs?

M. L.—No.

F.—Why, then, visit a chiropodist?

M. L.—I want to have it to say that I had a maim at my feet once in my life.—Boston Courier.

Likely.

A news item says that a mule in Colusa county, Cal., was struck by lightning and paralysed, but recovered after twenty-four hours and was as frisky as ever. It is not stated what became of the lightning, but it is inferred that it still lingers in a hospital in Norristown Herald.

A Temporary Loan.

Clumsey—I'm in a little fix today, Brown, for money; what would you say if I were to ask you for a temporary loan of a hundred or two dollars?

Brown—Well, Clumsey, if the loan will be temporary, I might let you have the two dollars.—Accident News.

When Time Flies.

Sweet Girl—Mercy! It's 10 o'clock. Has time ever passed so quickly with you as it does now?

Devoted Lover (a traveling salesman)—Never, except at railroad dining stations.—Philadelphia Record.

Accounted For.

"I see," remarked Withers, "that the Prince of Wales wears a black silk ribbon instead of a watch chain. Funny, isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Smither; "perhaps he's lost the ticket."—Judge.

An Unkind Joke.

Mr. Khan, the Persian minister, who has arrived in Washington, will doubtless form a very favorable opinion of this country, if some wretch doesn't ask: "Can Khan dance the can-can?"—Norristown Herald.

Her Habit.

Philadelphian—That St. Louis friend of yours is the most quiet, unobtrusive, unobtrusive western man I ever met in my life.

St. Louis Man—Yes; he used to be a policeman.—Philadelphia Record.

Medical Progress.

Young Doctor—They don't bleed people nowadays as they did twenty years ago, do they, professor?

Professor—Not with the lancet.—Doctor.

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The churches of this country are annually spending a great many thousand dollars to send the gospel to China. Congress has enacted unjust and unreasonable laws to exclude Chinamen from coming to the United States, where they could much more easily, and with greater prospects of success be reached by missionary efforts. These two things, placed side by side, make a very strong contrast.—N. Y. Independent.

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